

Bad Religion, I Give You Nothing, Tom Clement

Bad Religion

Suffer

I Give You Nothing, Tom Clement

Hey, everybody's looking but they never can see,

All the angst, corruption and the dishonesty.

Think about the times and places you've never known,

You're a man-swarm atom and yet you're alone,

So I give you me, I give you nothing!

I give you me, I give you nothing!

So you got a place that you can call all your own,

But you make a habit of carrying the stone.

Look around and ask someone if you are alive,

You're a sidewalk cipher speaking prionic jive,

So I give you me, I give you nothing!

I give you me, I give you nothing!

Respectable, despicable, it seems all the same.

Now we realize that we have nothing to say.

If your reserve is weak, audacity complete.

Ask yourself again, "Do I deserve much from them?" No!

Hey, everybody's looking but they never can see,

All the angst, corruption and the dishonesty.

Look around and ask someone if you are alive,

You're a sidewalk cipher speaking prionic jive,

So I give you me, I give you nothing!

I said I give you me, I give you nothing!